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SPORTING  
SAMMY HOY.

To which are added,



The Maid o' Thornliebank,  
O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
THE IRISH LOVER,  
The Plaid amang the Heather.



GLASGOW:

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### *Sporting Sammy Hoy.*

It was nigh to Carntell, in the town of Auchnacloy,  
There lived an honest neighbour, and his name was  
M'Ilmoy;

He's a heckler to his trade, and the truth to you I'll  
tell,

He had a loving wife, and her name it was Nell;  
And she came from Moneymero, and her husband did  
adore,

For grafting horns on his head she never would give o'er.

He is my tearing M'Ilmoy,  
And my roving M'Ilmoy,  
And my jigging Nell and Barney,  
And sporting Sammy Hoy

It was nigh to this dwelling there liv'd an honest man,  
The neighbours all do know him, it is Barney M'Cann;  
He says, my dearest Nell. I would not begrudge,  
When your husband is from home, to be your humble  
drudge.

O, good luck to you then, for you are the best of men,  
You always were willing to help a needy friend.

He is my tearing M'Ilmoy, &c.

It was on a Tuesday evening, my neighbour Mr. Hoy,  
He heard the plot a making as he was passing by;  
He being intoxicated with a bottle of good gin,  
He says, I'll have a bit of fun with that he stepped in.  
He is my tearing M'Ilmoy, &c.

When he was seated he found he could not stay,  
Nell gave many a heavy sigh, and wish'd he was away;

He rose upon the floor, and made a low bow,  
 Wished them all good night but stepp'd behind the cow.  
 He is my tearing M'Ilmoy, &c.

He had not been long there when the first that he saw  
 Was Barney M'Cann, with two bottles of oat straw;  
 Nell stood in the door, says M'Cann, you need not fear,  
 You may step in, for the course it is clear:  
 And we'll soon be at it now, and we'll soon be at it  
 now;

Little did he think Sam was behind the cow.  
 He is my tearing M'Ilmoy, &c.

He took her in his arms, and gave to her a kiss,  
 To the straw he brought her, and then did her embrace.  
 The devil's in you Barney, with this she swore an oath,  
 Sam got from behind the cow, saying, amen, I com-  
 mend you both.

He is my tearing M'Ilmoy, &c.

Early next morning he instantly went,  
 To summons all his neighbours it was his intent;  
 To summons Nell and Barney, and Sam M'Cracken  
 too,

All before his honour, Justice Petticrew.

He is my tearing M'Ilmoy, &c.

When the Justice examined the woman and the man—  
 Where is the transgressor, Barney M'Cann?  
 Nelly she made answer, saying. Barney was so throng  
 He had not time, this day, with us to come along.

The man must mind his work, your honour—I really  
 think it's a big bother about nothing all at all.

He is my tearing M'Ilmoy, &c.

*The Bonny Maid o' Thornliebank.*

Air—Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.

The rich may glory in their gear,  
 Their equipage and titles grand,  
 Their sordid spirits they may cheer,  
 Wi' lux'ries frae a foreign land.

Although I poor an' humble be,  
 I covet not their wealth an' rank,  
 For doubly dearer is to me

The bonny lass o' Thornliebank.

Her form is handsome, neat, genteel,  
 Her een are blue, an' black's her hair,  
 Her looks wad saft' a heart o' steel—

She is the fairest o' the fair.

Devoid of pride or self-conceit,

To ilka ane she's free an' frank,  
 Her manners polish'd are, an' sweet,  
 The bonny maid o' Thornliebank.

In simmer nights we aften stray

By Arden's unfrequented road,  
 Or up the Patterton's steep brae,  
 An' there our minds to each unload.

Or by Kenwathrick burnie's side,

Where grows the grafs fae lang an' tank,  
 How blest am I while lying hid  
 Wi' my dear lass o' Thornliebank.

*Fairest of the Fair.*

O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me,  
 nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
 the lowly cot and russet gown?  
 Nae langer drest in silken sheen,  
 nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,  
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,  
 where thou wast fairest of the fair?  
 Where thou wast fairest, &c.

O Nannie, when thou'r't far awa,  
 wilt thou not cast a look behind?  
 Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,  
 nor shrink before the warping wind?  
 O can that fast and gentlest mein,  
 severest hardships learn to bear,  
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
 where thou wast fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, canst thou love so true,  
 thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?  
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 to share with him the pang of wae.  
 And when invading pains befall,  
 wilt thou assume the nurse's care,  
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recal,  
 where thou wast fairest of the fair?



And when at last thy love shall die,  
 wilt thou receive his parting breath?  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 and cheer with smiles the bed of death?  
 And wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd clay,  
 strew flowers and drop the tender tear?  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 where thou wast fairest of the fair?

*The Irish Lover.*

'Twas Lary O'Whack of Kilkenny,  
 who had but three teeth and no more,  
 Had paid his addresses to many,  
 and married, I think, half a score;  
 He'd a wife, Sir, in every corner,  
 With whom 'bout a month he wou'd stay,  
 The honey-moon over, he'd scorn her,  
 And haste to another away.

But some of his wives became cronies,  
 Together to tea now they came,  
 While praising their Irish Adonis,  
 They wondered the name was the same:  
 Says Judy, we're surely related,  
 'Tis plain as the nose on your face;  
 Then Katty immediately stated  
 The Whacks were a numerous race.

Larry came at this critical time in,  
 At whom they discharg'd all their tea;  
 Oh how he curs'd Cupid and Hymen,  
 When thus in hot water was he!  
 The fair having us'd all their Congou,  
 The tea-things at length flew about;  
 He lost both his peepers at one go,  
 The tea-pot divided his snout.

Poor Larry the combat relinquish'd,  
 Confess'd he had taken them in,  
 Because when his sight was extinguish'd,  
 He saw very clearly the sin;  
 The ladies, all sorry and sad now,  
 Made haste their own doctor to call;  
 Mean while, Larry fled, and they had now  
 The devil a husband at all.

*The Plaid among the Heather.*

The wind blew high owre muir and lea,  
 And dark and stormy grew the weather;  
 The rain rain'd fair: nae shelter near,  
 But my love's plaid among the heather.  
 O my bonnie Highland lad,  
 My winsome, weelfaur'd Highland  
 laddie,  
 Wha wad mind the wind an' rain,  
 Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie?

Cloſe to his breaſt he held me faſt;—  
 Sae cozie, warm, we lay thegither;  
 Nae ſimmer heat was half ſae ſweet  
 As my love's plaid among the heather!  
 O my bonnie, &c.

Mid wind and rain he told his tale;  
 — My lightsome heart grew like a feather;  
 It lap ſae quick I couldna ſpeak,  
 But ſilent ſigh'd among the heather.  
 O my bonnie, &c.

The ſtorm blew paſt; we kiſs'd in haſte;  
 I homeward ran and tauld my mither;  
 She gloom'd at firſt, but ſoon confeſs'd  
 The bowls row'd right among the heather.  
 O my bonnie, &c.

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and ſtream,  
 Where Will and I freſh flowers will gather;  
 Nae ſtorms I fear, I've got my dear  
 Kind-hearted lad among the heather.

O my bonnie Highland lad,  
 My wiſome, weel-faur'd Highland  
 laddie;

Should ſtorms appear, my Will's aye  
 near, 26 SE60  
 To row me in his tartan plaidie.